

PT 1160

.E8 F8

Copy 2



Class PT 1160

Book E8F8

Copyright No. Copy 2

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

✓ 115
80

F
FEB 16 1986

VERSES
TRANSLATIONS FROM THE
GERMAN AND HYMNS



BY

W. H. FURNESS
"



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1886

PT 1160
E8F8
Copy 2

Copyright, 1886,
By W. H. FURNESS.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Electrotypes and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
TRANSLATIONS.	
The Song of the Bell. Schiller	3
Woman's Love and Life. Chamisso.	
In Love	20
The Lover	20
The Offer	22
Betrothal	22
Wedding	23
Maternal Hopes	25
Maternal Joy	27
Widowed	28
Old Age	28
The Steam-Steed. Chamisso	30
Children's Worship. Gerok	33
The Two Grenadiers. Heine	35
Lorelei. Heine	37
The Minstrel's Curse. Uhland	38
The Lost Church. Uhland	43
The Minstrel's Return. Uhland	46
Mother and Child. Uhland	47
Travelling. Uhland	48
Resolution. Uhland	50
Bertrand de Born. Uhland	51
Romance of Tom Thumb. Uhland	54
To my Mother. Uhland	55
Echo. Uhland	56

	PAGE
The Course of Things. Uhland	56
To Columbus Dying. Oehlenschlaeger	57
A SONG.	
A Song	61
HYMNS.	
Invocation	65
Jesus, our Leader	66
The Want Within	67
Communion	68
Romans viii. 38	69
The Soul	70
As the Hart panteth	71
Penitential	72
Dedication	73
Ordination	74
Mark x. 16	75
Morning	76
Evening	77
John iv. 16	79
Matthew vi. 22, 23	79
Seeing the Unseen	80
Funeral Hymn	81
Invocation	82
Supplication	82
Supplication	83
The Peace of God	84
On the Death of R. T. F.	85
Hymn sung at Opening of Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind	87



Translations

5



TRANSLATIONS

THE SONG OF THE BELL

*Vivos voco. Mortuos plango. Fulgura frango.*¹

[The latter part of this poem was composed by the lurid light of the old French Revolution, from which the first men of the time — Burke, for instance, like Schiller, — “shrank almost blinded by the glare.”]



N the earth, now firmly planted,
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay.
Come, my lads ! Strong hands are
wanted,

We must make the bell to-day !
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow, —

¹ “It is said that the wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when they hear the bells ringen ; and this is the cause why the bells be ringen when it thundereth, to the end that the foul fiend and wicked spirits should be abashed and flee, and cease from moving of the tempest.” — *Durandus*, quoted by Mrs. Jameson in *Sacred and Legendary Art*.

So the work the master sheweth,
Yet the blessing Heaven bestoweth.

The work we earnestly are doing
Befitteth well an earnest word ;
Then toil goes on, more cheerly flowing,
When good discourse is also heard ;
So let us then with care now ponder
What our weak force originates :
To him no reverence can we render,
Who never plans what he creates.
'T is this indeed that man most graceth,
For this 't is his to understand,
That in his inner heart he traceth
What he produceth with his hand.

Take the wood from pine trunks riven :
Dry it must be through and through,
That the flame, straight inward driven,
Fiercely strike into the flue !

Let the copper brew !
Quick ! The tin in, too !
That the tough bell metal flowing,
Fill the mould, all rightly going.

What in the pit by help of fire
The hand of man is forming thus,
High in the belfry of the tower,
There will it tell aloud of us.

Still will it last while years are rolling,
And many hearts by it be stirred,
With all the mourner's woe condoling,
And with devotion's choir accord.
Whate'er this changing life is bringing
Here down below to earth's frail son
Strikes on the metal crown, which, ringing,
Will monitory sound it on.

Bubbles white I see appearing :
Good ! The mass is melting now.
Throw in salts ; the fluid clearing,
They will make it quickly flow.

Clean too from the scum
Must the mixture come,
That in metal pure abounding
Pure and full the bell be sounding.

For with its joyful, solemn ringing,
The child beloved it soon will greet,
Upon his life's first walk beginning,¹
Wrapt in the arms of slumber sweet.
For him yet rest in time's dark bosom
Funereal wreath and joyous blossom.
A mother's tender cares adorning
With watchful love his golden morning,

¹ The allusion here is to the custom of carrying the child to the church a few days after birth to be baptized.

The years they fly like arrows fleet.
The maiden's plays the proud boy scorneth ;
He rushes forth the world to roam
With pilgrim's staff: at last returneth,
A stranger in his father's home.
And beauteous in her youthful splendor,
A vision come from heaven's height,
With cheeks all mantling, modest, tender,
The maiden stands before his sight.
A nameless longing then is waking
In the youth's heart : he strolls alone ;
The tears from out his eyes are breaking ;
Joy in his brothers' sports is gone.
He blushes as her steps he traces,
Her greeting smiles his heart elate,
For fairest flowers the fields he searches,
Wherewith his love to decorate.
O tender longing ! Hope, how thrilling !
The golden time of young first love !
The eye, it sees all heaven unveiling ;
Revels the heart in bliss above.
Oh that forever fresh and vernal
Young love's sweet season were eternal !

See how brown the pipes are getting !
This little rod, I dip it in,
If it show a glazed coating,
Then the casting may begin.

Now, my lads, enough !
Prove me now the stuff.
The brittle with the soft combining,
See if they be rightly joining.

For when the strong and mild are pairing,
The manly with the tender sharing,
The chord will then be good and strong.
See ye, who join in endless union,
That heart with heart be in communion !
For fancy's brief, repentance long ;
Lovely round the bride's locks clinging,
Plays the virgin coronal,
When the merry church bells ringing
Summon to the festival.
Ah ! The hour of life most festal
Ends the May of life also ;
With the veil and girdle vestal
Breaks the lovely charm in two.

For passion will fly,
But love is enduring ;
The flower must die,
Fruit is maturing.
The man must be out
In hostile life striving,
Be toiling and thriving,
And planting, obtaining,
Devising, and gaining,

And daring, enduring,
So fortune securing ;
Then riches flow in, all untold in their measure,
And filled is the garner with costliest treasure :
The storerooms increase, the house it spreads out,
And in it presides
The chaste, gentle housewife,
The mother of children,
And ruleth sweetly
The household. Discreetly
The maidens she traineth,
The boys she restraineth,
And work never lingers,
So busy her fingers,
Increasing the gains
With ordering pains ;
And sweet-scented presses with treasure are filling,
And thread round the swift humming spindle
is reeling ;
And the neat burnished chests, she gathers
them full
Of linen snow-white, and of glistening wool ;
The gloss and the shine to the good she adds
ever,
And resteth never.

And the father with look elate,
From the high far-seeing gable
Surveys his blooming, broad estate :
Seeth his landmarks forest-like growing,¹
And the barns with their lofts o'erflowing,
And the granaries bent with blessing,
And the corn as it waves unceasing ;
Boasting with pride-lit face :
" Firm as the earth's own base,
'Gainst all misfortune's strength,
Standeth my house at length!"
But with mighty fate supernal,
Man can weave no bond eternal,
And misfortune strides apace.

Be the casting now beginning ;
Finely jaggèd is the grain,
But before we set it running,
Let us breathe a pious strain !

Now knock out the tap !

God forbid mishap !

Through the bending cannons hollow
Smoking shoots the fire-brown billow.

Beneficent the might of flame,
When man keeps watch and makes it tame.
In what he fashions, what creates,
Help from this heaven's force he takes.

¹ This line is obscure in the original.

But fearful is this force of heaven,
When, having all its fetters riven,
It bursts forth its own law to be,
Thy daughter, Nature, wild and free.
Woe ! When once emancipated,
With naught her power to withstand,
Through the streets, thick populated,
High she waves her monstrous brand.
By the elements is hated
What is formed by mortal hand.
From the heavens
Blessing gushes,
The shower rushes
From the heavens, all alike,
Lightnings strike.
Hark ! The moaning from the spire !
That is "Fire !"
Blood-red now
Heaven is flushing ;
That is not the daylight's glow !
What a rushing,
Streets all up !
Smoke rolls up !
The fire-column flickering, flowing,
Through the long streets swiftly growing,
With the wind is onward going,
As from out a furnace flashing,
Glows the air ; and beams are crashing,

Pillars tumble, windows creaking,
Mothers fleeing, children shrieking,
Cattle lowing,
'Mid the ruin.

All is rushing, saving, running,
Light as day the night's becoming,
Through the chain of hands, all vying,
Swiftly flying

Goes the bucket; bow-like bending,
Spouts the water high ascending.
Howling comes the blast, befriending
The flame it roaring seeks and fans,
Crackling 'midst the well-dried grains,
Seizing, in the granary chambers,
On the dry wood of the timbers.

And, as if it would in blowing
Tear the huge bulk of the world
With it in its flight uphurled,
Mounts the flame to heaven, growing
Giant tall.

Hopeless all,
Man to God at last hath yielded,
Idly sees what he hath builded,
Wondering, to destruction going.

All burnt out
Are the places
That the tempest now possesses.
In the vacant windows dreary

Horror's sitting,
And the clouds of heaven, flitting
High, look in.

Ere he goes
On the ashes
Where his riches
Buried lie, one look man throws,—
His pilgrim's staff then gladly clutches
Whate'er the fire from him has torn,
One solace sweet is ever nearest;
The heads he counteth of his dearest,
And lo! Not one dear head is gone.

In the earth it now reposes,
Happily the mould is full;
When our work the light discloses,
Will it pay our pains and skill?
Should the casting crack!
If the mould should break!
Ah! Perhaps, while we are waiting,
Mischief is its work completing.

To holy earth's dark, silent bosom
We our handiwork resign.
The husbandmen the seed consign,
And hope that it will swell and blossom
And bless the sower by law divine.

Still costlier seed, in sorrow bringing,
We hide within the lap of earth,
And hope that from the coffin springing,
'T will bloom in brighter beauty forth.

From the belfry,
Deep and slow
Tolls the funeral
Note of woe
Sad and solemn with its knell attending
Some new wanderer his last journey wending.

Ah! The wife it is, the dear one;
Ah! It is the faithful mother,
Whom the angel dark is bearing
From her husband's arms endearing;
From the group of children fair,
Whom she blooming to him bare,
Whom she on her faithful breast
Saw with joy maternal rest.
Ah! The tender ties that bound her
Are unloosed forevermore,
For pale shadows now surround her
Who the household rulèd o'er!
Now her faithful guidance ceases,
No more keepeth watch her care,
In the void and orphaned places
Rules the stranger, loveless there.

Till the bell be cooled and hardened
Let there rest from labor be,
And be each as free, unburdened,
As the bird upon the tree.

Once the stars appear,
From all duty clear
Workmen hear the vespers ringing ;
But to master care 's still clinging.

Joyous haste his bosom swelling,
In the wild and far-off forest,
Seeks the wanderer his dear dwelling.
Bleating wind the sheep slow homeward,
And the kine, too,
Sleek and broad-browed, slowly trooping,
Come in lowing,
To the stalls accustomed going.
Heavy in
Rocks the wagon,
Harvest laden,
Bright with flowers
On sheafy towers.
Garlands glance,
And the younger of the reapers
Seek the dance.
Street and market-place grow stiller ;
Round the light, domestic, social,
Gather now the household inmates,
And the city gates shut creaking.

Black bedighted
Now the earth is,
Rest the people unaffrighted
By the dark,
Which alarms the bad benighted ;
Law's sleepless eye doth watch and mark.

Holy Order, rich in blessing,
Heaven's daughter, none oppressing,
Holds her law all ranks connected.
Mighty states hath she erected,
Calling from the wilds the savage
There to dwell, no more to ravage.
Into human huts she goeth
And all gentle manners showeth,
Weaving that dear tie around us
Which to Fatherland hath bound us.

Busy hands by thousands stirring,
In a cheerful league unite,
And it is in fiery motion
That all forces come to light.
Briskly work, by freedom guarded,
Both the master and the men,
Each one in his place rewarded,
Scorning every scoffer then.
Labor is our decoration,
Work the blessing will command,

Kings are honored by their station,
Honors *us* the busy hand.

Gentle Concord,
Heavenly peace,
Hover, hover,
Ever friendly o'er this place !
Never be that day appearing
When the hordes of battle swarming
Through this quiet vale are storming ;
When the heavens
Which, with evening blushing mildly,
Softly beam,
Shall with flames, consuming wildly
Towns and cities, fearful gleam !

Break me up the useless structure,
It has now fulfilled its part,
That the work without a fracture
Joy may give to eye and heart.

Swing the hammer, swing,
Till the case shall spring !
That the bell to light be given
Be the mould in pieces riven.

The master wise alone is knowing
Just when the mould should broken be.
But woe ! when, streams of fire flowing,

The glowing ore itself sets free !
Blind raging, with the crash of thunder
It shivers the exploded house ;
As if hell's jaws had yawned asunder,
Destruction far and wide it throws.
When brutal force is senseless storming,
There can no perfect work be forming ;
When nations seek themselves to free,
There can no common welfare be.

Woe ! if, heaped up, the fire-tinder
The inmost heart of cities fill ;
Their fetters rending all asunder,
The people work their own fierce will !
Then at the bell-ropes tuggeth riot,
The bell howls forth a wailing sound ;
Sacred to peace alone and quiet,
For blood it rings the signal round.

“ Equality and freedom ! ” howling,
Rushes to arms the citizen,
And bloody-minded bands are prowling,
And streets and halls are filled with men.
Then women, to hyenas turning,
On bloody horrors feast and laugh,
And with the thirst of panthers burning,
The blood of hearts yet quivering quaff.
Naught sacred is there more, for breaking
Are all the bands of pious awe ;

The good man's place the bad are taking,
 And all the vices mock at law.
 'T is dangerous to rouse the lion,
 And deadly is the tiger's tooth,
 And yet the terriblest of terrors
 Is man himself devoid of ruth.
 Alas ! when to the ever blinded
 The heavenly torch of light is lent !
 It guides him not; it can but kindle
 Whole states in flames and ashes blent.

Joy to me now God hath given !
 Look ye ! like a golden star,
 From the shell, all bright and even,
 Comes the metal kernel clear,
 Bright from top to rim,
 Like the sun's own beam.
 E'en the 'scutcheon, formed completely,
 Shows its maker worketh neatly.

Come all, come all !
 My comrades, stand and listen,
 While solemnly our work we christen !
Concordia we the bell will call ;
 To concord and to heartfelt adoration
 May it collect the loving congregation.

And this its office be henceforth,
 Whereto the master gave it birth.

High this low earthly being over,
Shall it, in heaven's cerulean tent,
The neighbor of the thunder, hover
And border on the firmament.
And let it be a voice from heaven
Joined with the starry host afar,
By which high praise to God is given,
And which lead on the crownèd year.
Its metal mouth alone devoted
To sacred and eternal things,
And hourly Time, still onward flying,
Shall touch it with his rapid wings,
To Destiny a tongue affording;
Heartless itself, befall what may,
It feels for none, yet shall its swinging
Attend upon Life's changeful play.
And as away its music fadeth,
That strikes so grandly on the ear,
So may it teach that naught abideth,
That all things earthly disappear.

Now with strength the rope is lending,
Rock the bell from out the ground,
In the air of heaven ascending,
Let it seek the realms of sound !
Heave it ! Heave it ! Raise !
Now it moves ! It sways !
Joy to us may it betoken,
Be PEACE the first sound by it spoken.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE

CHAMISSO

I

IN LOVE



VER since I 've seen him,
 Blind I seem to be,
 Wheresoe'er I look now
 Him alone I see.

Floats his form before me
 In my waking dreams,
 And in deepest darkness
 Only brighter seems.

All is dark and gloomy,
 All around me here ;
 For my sisters' pastimes
 I no longer care.
 In my little chamber,
 To silent tears resign'd,
 Ever since I 've seen him
 I believe I 'm blind.

II

THE LOVER

HE, of all, he is the noblest,
 Oh, so gentle ! Oh, so kind !

Lips so gracious, eyes so tender,
Clear good sense and manly mind.

So, as in those depths of azure
Is that yonder beauteous star,
So is he in my own heaven,
Bright and beauteous, high and far.

Keep, oh, keep on in thine orbit,
Only let me see thee shine ;
Gazing ever humbly upward,
Bliss and sadness shall be mine.

Heed me not, — my prayer is only,
Mayst thou always happy be !
Thou must know no lowly maiden,
Lofty star of majesty !

Only she, of all most worthy,
Shall receive thy dear caress,
And thy chosen, — I will bless her,
Many thousand times will bless.

I 'll rejoice then, and I 'll weep, too,
Blessed, blessed then my lot,
Should my heart be broken even,
Break, O heart ! Why should'st thou not ?

III

THE OFFER

I CANNOT believe it nor think it,
I have by a dream been crazed,
From all,— how could he intend it !
Poor me to be honor'd and raised !

Methought that I heard him saying :
“ I live only for thee.”
Methought,— but still I keep dreaming,
For so it never can be.

Oh let me die in thus dreaming,
Reposing upon his breast,
In tears of delight departing
Thus gently away to my rest.

IV

BETROTHAL

THOU ring upon my finger,
Thou little ring of gold,
To my lips I fervently press thee,
To my heart I fervently hold.

The peaceful dream of my childhood,—
It all had ended and gone,
And in the world, vast and desert,
I found myself lost and alone.

Thou ring upon my finger,
First taught by thee, I look forth,
And now my eyes thou hast opened
To life's inexpressible worth.

Him will I serve, will I live for,
Lost in his being quite,
And so find myself, self-renouncing,
Transfigured in his pure light.

Thou ring upon my finger,
Thou little ring of gold,
To my lips I fervently press thee,
To my heart I fervently hold.

V

WEDDING

HELP me, dear sisters,
Kindly adorn me,
Serve the happy one on this day,
Busily twining

Wreaths round my forehead,
Wreaths of flowering myrtle gay.

When I, contented,
Peaceful, and happy,
On the arm of my lov'd one lay,
Still was he ever,
With ardent desire,
Oh, how impatiently, begging this day !

Help me, dear sisters,
Help me to quiet
This silly heart, and make it throb less,
That with clear beaming
Eyes I receive him,
Him the fountain of happiness.

Thou, my belovèd,
Shine thou upon me,
Grant me, O sun, to shine with thy light;
Let me devoutly,
Let me all humbly,
Ever rejoice in his dear sight.

Strew for him, sisters,
Strew for him flowers,
Bring him fresh-blowing roses sweet;

You, my dear sisters,
Tho' joyous the hour,
Let me in parting mournfully greet.

VI

MATERNAL HOPES

SWEETEST friend, thou lookest
On me with surprise,
Canst not understand why
Tears are in my eyes ?
Let the liquid pearl-drops'
Unaccustomed ray,
All with pleasure trembling,
On my lashes stay.

Anxious is my bosom,
Yet so joyous, too, —
In what words to tell it,
If I only knew !
Come and hide thy face here,
Here upon my breast ;
In thine ear in whispers
Let me tell the rest.

Mother I have question'd
What is to befall,

And my blessed mother,—
She has told me all.
By her I 'm instructed
How, so judges she,
Soon a little cradle
Must provided be.

Now thou know'st the reason
Why to tears I 'm mov'd,
Thou shouldst never see them,
Thou, my best belov'd.
On my heart reclining,
Feel its every beat,
Close to it and closer,
Let me press thee, sweet.

There, too, at my bedside,
The cradle has place,
There let my sweet dreaming
Be hid for a space.
Soon comes the morning,
When endeth my dream,
And then shall thy image
In smiles on me beam.

VII

MATERNAL JOY

COME to my bosom ! Come to my heart !
Dearest of treasures, darling, thou art !

All of life love is, love is life's all,
The word I have said I will never recall.

I thought myself ever so happy of yore,
But when was I ever so happy before ?

A mother's joy — oh, how great it is,
In loving the child she nourishes !

Only a mother knows, — to a mother alone
What it is to love and be happy is known.

Oh, poor man ! I do pity him so !
The joy of a mother he never can know.

Thou art looking at me ! and smiling, too !
Thou dearest, dearest angel, thou !

Come to my bosom ! Come to my heart !
Dearest of treasures, darling thou art !

VIII

WIDOWED

Now comes, my husband, the first pang from
thee,

But it strikes deep.

Thou sleepest, heedless of my agony,
The last pale sleep.

I gaze around forsaken; all the worth
Of life is o'er,

I 've lov'd and I have lived. I am henceforth
Living no more.

Into my inner world I go from this.

Let the veil fall.

There I have thee and my departed bliss,
Thou art my all!

IX

OLD AGE

DREAM of days departed!

When youth upon me smiled.

Daughter of my daughter,

Thou, my lovely child,

Take, before the wearied one

Rests upon her bier,

Now in life's fresh morning,
Take my blessing, dear.

Gray of hair thou seest me,
Wasted, pale, and thin ;
Young like thee and joyous
I have also been ;
Lov'd, too, as thou lovest,
Once a bride like thee ;
Soon thou wilt be growing
Old and gray like me.

Time must fly : his flying
Do thou never rue,
To thy bosom's treasure
Only be thou true.
Long ago I said it,
The word I 'll not recall,
All of life in love is,
Love 's the life of all.

As I laid my lov'd one
In his grave at rest,
I have kept his image
Cherish'd in my breast ;
Though my heart was broken,
Yet I bore the blow,
And old age's ashes
Keep the sacred glow.

Take, before the weary one
 Rests upon her bier,
 Now in life's fresh morning,
 Take my blessing, dear.
 Must thy heart be broken,
 Strong in fortitude,
 Be the pain of loving
 Then thy highest good.



THE STEAM-STEED

CHAMISSO

 UICK ! quick ! my smith ! Come
 shoe my horse !
 While you delay day is ending its
 course.

“Pheugh ! How he smokes, your wonderful
 steed !
 My worthy knight, whither with so much
 speed ?”

Quick ! quick ! my smith ! He who goes
 round the earth
 From west to east, as in books is set forth,
 A day, — 't is what he gets for his pains, —
 The starting-point reached, a day he gains.

My steam-steed naught in speed can eclipse,
Time, fleet as it is, he far outstrips;
At the hour he starts to the eastward away,
He comes from the west again yesterday.

The secret of time is found out and subdued,
And yesterday back into yesterday screwed;
And back I will screw it from past to past,
Until I arrive at Adam at last.

The hour she bore me, strange to be said!
My mother dear I have visited.
I myself stood with the family by,
And listening heard my very first cry.

Thousands of times ahead of the sun,
My course round the earth already I 've run,
Until to-day I have hither come,
Grandfather to see as a happy bridegroom.

Grandmother is the loveliest bride
That ever these eyes have yet descried,
But he, surly fellow, and jealous moreo'er,
Without any words — has showed me the door.

Quick! quick! my smith! I pray you be quick,
This age of paper, — it makes me sick.
Back! through it! away! I much prefer
To visit Napoleon, the emperor.

I 'll hail him first at St. Helena,
And give him posterity's greeting there,
And then to his coronation I 'll speed,
And warn him,— Oh, might he the warning
heed !

Art ready, my smith ? Then take, I pray,
In gold stamped one thousand nine hundred
thy pay.

To horse ! Hurrah ! To the east I am borne
Again to pass by here at yesterday's dawn !

“ My knight, O my knight,— since whither
we go

You thence have just come, pray tell us more,
do.

The stocks, that at present fluctuate so,
Do say, up or down, which way will they go ?

“ A word, just a word, *entre nous* !

Is 't wise to trust Rothschild ? Say, will it
do ? ”

But already the spring by the rider was prest,
And vanished the steam-steed far in the east.

CHILDREN'S WORSHIP

GEROK



IS Sunday. The church bells are
ringing
And calling the people to come,
But three little golden-haired chil-
dren
Are left to keep quiet at home.

To be taken to church quite too little,
And given to mischief and play,
Yet they would, like their elders, be pious,
And hallow the Lord's holy day.

So each one a big book has taken,
It is held in each lap upside down,
Yet from it, the dear little witches !
Their singing goes lustily on.

They do not know what they are singing,
Each sings in a different tone ;
Sing on, little ones, for it reaches
Even thus to the heavenly Throne.

There stand the pure ones, your angels,
They sing to the Father above,

But praise from the mouths of you children
He doth most especially love.

Sing on ! out there in the garden
There is singing that rivalleth yours, —
The dear little birds, — how they twitter
As they flit in and out 'mong the flowers.

Sing on ! for with faith you are singing,
And that will the Saviour suffice,
The hearts that are guileless as doves are
To Heaven instinctively rise.

Sing on ! We sing, too, your elders,
We read, too, and we understand ;
But ah ! the Scripture, — one holds it
How oft upside down in his hand !

Sing on ! We sing, and by note, too,
And no discord the hearer annoys ;
But ah ! the strife of the brethren
The harmony often destroys.

Sing on ! for the grandest church music
That ever on earth we hear, —
What is it ? The crooning of infants,
A breath in the Eternal ear !

THE TWO GRENAIDIERS

HEINE



O France were traveling two grenadiers,
From prison in Russia returning,
And when they came to the German
frontiers,
They hung down their heads in mourning.

There came the heart-breaking news to their
ears
That France was by fortune forsaken ;
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,
And Napoleon, Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers
O'er their country's departed glory ;
"Woe's me," cried one, in the midst of his
tears,
" My old wound, — how it burns at the
story ! "

The other said : " The end has come,
What avails any longer living ?
Yet have I a wife and child at home,
For an absent father grieving, —

“ Who cares for wife ? Who cares for child ?
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken ;
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger
wild,
For Napoleon, Napoleon is taken !

“ Oh, grant me, brother, my only prayer,
When death my eyes are closing :
Take me to France, and bury me there ;
In France be my ashes reposing.

“ This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,
Let it lie near my heart, upon me ;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And gird my sabre on me.

“ So will I lie, and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping,
Till I hear the cannon’s thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

“ Then the Emperor comes ! and his banners
wave,
With their eagles o’er him bending ;
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my
grave,
Napoleon, Napoleon attending ! ”

LORELEI

HEINE



DO not know what it foretelleth
 I am so sad at heart,
My mind on a legend dwelleth,
 That comes and will not depart.

The air is cool in the twilight,
 And the Rhine flows smoothly on.
The peaks of the mountains sparkle
 In the glow of the evening sun.

High on yon rock reclineth
 A maiden strangely fair,
Her golden apparel shineth,
 She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
 A song the while sings she,
All weird and wondrous is it,
 And mighty the melody.

The boatman, as it comes o'er him,
 It seizes with fierce delight,
He heeds not the rocks before him,
 His gaze is fixed on the height.

I believe in the end that the billows
 O'er boatman and boat roll high,
 And this with her fearful singing
 Was done by the Lorelei.



THE MINSTREL'S CURSE

UHLAND



NCE in olden times was standing
 A castle, high and grand,
 Broad glancing in the sunlight
 Far over sea and land.

Around were fragrant gardens,
 A rich and blooming crown,
 And fountains playing in them
 In rainbow brilliance shone.

There a haughty king was seated,
 In lands and conquest great ;
 Pale and awful was his countenance
 As on his throne he sate ;
 For what he thinks is terror,
 And what he looks is Wrath,
 And what he speaks is Torture,
 And what he writes is Death.

There came unto this castle
A gentle minstrel pair,
The one with locks bright, golden,
The other gray of hair ;
With harp in hand, the elder
A noble courser rode,
While beautiful beside him
His young companion strode.

Said the elder to the younger,
“ Now be prepared, my son,
Oh let the lay be lofty,
And stirring be the tone;
Put forth thy grandest power,
Of joy and sorrow sing,
To touch the stony bosom
Of this remorseless king.”

And now within the castle
These gentle minstrels stand ;
On his throne the king is seated,
With the queen at his right hand;
The king in fearful splendor,
Like the northern lights’ red glare ;
The queen is sweet and gentle
As the full moon resting there.

The old man struck the harp-strings,
Most wonderful to hear,

As richer, ever richer
Swelled the sounds upon the ear.
Then rose with heavenly clearness
The stripling's voice of fire,
And then they sang together
Like a distant spirit-choir.

They sing of love and springtime,
Of happy, golden days ;
Of manly worth and freedom
They sing the glorious praise ;
They sing of all the beauty
The heart of man that thrills ;
They sing of all the greatness
The soul of man that fills.

The courtly circle round them
Forget for once to sneer,
And bow those iron warriors
As though a god were there.
The queen in softness melting,
Forgets her sparkling crown,
And the rose from out her bosom
To the minstrels she throws down.

“ Ye have seduced my people !
What, traitors, do you mean ? ”
The king then shrieked in frenzy,
“ Seduce ye now my queen ? ”

His sword, that gleamed like lightning,
At the stripling's heart he flings,
And thence, instead of golden songs,
The gushing life-blood springs.

The rapture of the listeners
Dies away as at a blast ;
Upon his master's bosom
The youth has breathed his last.
The old man wraps his mantle
Around the bloody corse,
And then he firmly binds it
Erect upon his horse.

Yet, when he reached the gateway,
He paused, that minstrel old,
He took his harp so wondrous
And broke its strings of gold ;
Against a marble pillar
He shivered it in twain,
And thus his curse he shouted
Till the castle rang again :

“ Woe ! woe ! thou haughty castle,
With all thy gorgeous halls !
Sweet string or song be sounded
No more within thy walls !
No ! sighs alone and wailing,
And the coward steps of slaves !

Already round thy towers
The avenging spirit raves !

“ Woe ! woe ! ye fragrant gardens,
With all your fair May light !
Look on this ghastly countenance
And wither at the sight !
Let all your flowers perish !
Be all your fountains dry !
Henceforth a horrid wilderness,
Deserted, wasted, lie !

“ Woe, woe ! thou wretched murderer !
Thou curse of minstrelsy !
Thy struggles for a bloody fame,
All fruitless shall they be.
Thy name shall be forgotten,
Lost in eternal death,
Dissolving into empty air,
Like a dying man’s last breath !”

The old man’s curse is uttered,
And Heaven above has heard ;
Those walls have fallen prostrate
At the minstrel’s mighty word.
Of all that vanished splendor
Stands but one column tall,
And that, already shattered,
Ere another night may fall.

Around, instead of gardens,
 Is a desert, heathen land,
 No tree its shade dispenses,
 No fountains cool the sand.
 The king's name, it has vanished,
 His deeds no songs rehearse ;
 Departed and forgotten !
 This is the Minstrel's Curse.



THE LOST CHURCH

UHLAND

HEN one into the forest goes,
 A music sweet the spirit blesses,
 But whence it cometh no one knows,
 Nor common rumor even guesses.
 From the lost church those strains must swell
 That come on all the winds resounding ;
 The path to it now none can tell,
 That path with pilgrims once abounding.

As lately in the forest, where
 No beaten path could be discover'd,
 All lost in thought, I wander'd far,
 Upward to God my spirit hover'd.

When all was quiet round me there,
Then in my ears that music sounded,
The higher, purer, rose my prayer
The nearer, fuller, it resounded.

Upon my heart such peace there fell,
Those strains with all my thoughts so
blended,
That — how it was I cannot tell —
That I so high that hour ascended.
It seemed a hundred years and more
That I had been thus lost in dreaming,
When, all earth's vapors opening o'er,
A free, large place stood, brightly beaming.

The sky, it was all blue and bland,
The sun, it was so full and glowing,
As rose a minster, vast and grand,
The golden light all round it flowing,
The clouds on which it rested seem'd
To bear it up like wings of fire ;
Piercing the heavens, so I dream'd,
Sublimely rose its lofty spire.

The bell — what music from it roll'd ! —
Shook, as it pealed, the trembling tower,
Rung by no mortal hand, but tolled
By some unseen, unearthly power.

The self-same power from heaven thrilled
My being to its inmost centre
As, all with fear and rapture filled,
Beneath the lofty dome I enter.

I stood within the solemn pile,
Words cannot tell with what amazement,
As saints and martyrs seemed to smile
Down on me from each gorgeous case-
ment.

I saw the pictures grow alive,
And I beheld a world of glory,
Where sainted men and women strive,
And act again their godlike story.

Before the altar knelt I low,
Love and devotion only feeling,
While Heaven's glory seemed to glow,
Depicted on the lofty ceiling.
But as I knelt and upward gazed,
The mighty dome in twain was shaken,
And Heaven's gate wide open blazed,
And every veil away was taken.

What majesty I then beheld,
My heart with adoration swelling,
What music all my senses filled
Beyond the organ's power of telling,

In words can never be exprest ;
 Yet for that bliss who longs sincerely,
 Oh, let him to the music list,
 That in the forest soundeth clearly !



THE MINSTREL'S RETURN

UHLAND

 HERE on his bier the bard is lying,
 From the pale lips there comes no
 sound ;
 That brow, no busy fancies flying,
 By Daphne's faded hair is crowned.

They place beside him, folded meetly,
 The songs that were the last he sung ;
 The lyre that sounded once so sweetly,
 Rests in his arms, but all unstrung.

Thus the deep slumber he is sleeping,
 His song still rings in every ear,
 The bitter grief still freshly keeping
 That he, alas ! no more is here.

Soon months and years will vanish duly,
 Around his grave the cypress grow,

And they, who mourn his death so truly,
Whither he 's gone, they too will go.

Yet as the spring returneth, showing
Its pomp again and fresh array,
So now, all young, with life o'erflowing,
The minstrel walks the earth to-day.

Back to the living hath he turned him,
And all of death has passed away ;
The age that thought him dead and mourned
him
Itself now lives but in his lay.



MOTHER AND CHILD

UHLAND

MOTHER.

OOK up to heaven, my child,
There dwells your dear little
brother,
The angels they took him because
He never gave pain to his mother.

CHILD.

That no angels may take me away
 From your loving arms, like my brother,
 Far off in the sky, oh tell me, I pray,
 How I can give pain to you, mother !



TRAVELLING

UHLAND



RAVEL, friends, and must I travel
 To refresh this weary heart ?
 From this narrow working circle
 You would have me then depart ?
 And yet do I more deeply even
 Into home's recesses shrink,
 Feeling, to my home devoted,
 Freer, richer, than you think.

These dear roads are always novel,
 And this dear loved valley, too,
 And the old, long-trodden bridges
 Always touch my heart anew.
 Oft, when to myself I 've said it,
 That these paths were lone and drear,

Instantly there flitted round me,
At broad noonday, shadows dear.

When the sun is hence departing,
Then my spirit knows no rest,
Seeking with him o'er the mountains
Fabled islands of the blest.
When the stars are all emerging,
Still my soul is all abroad,
And in ever deeper distance
I pursue the paths of God.

Old and new, all youthful visions,
Things to be and things that were,
Heavenly spaces, deep and shoreless,
Hourly open to me here.
Therefore, friends, ah yes, I 'll travel ;
Tell me, whither shall I roam ?
There is all too much excitement
In the quiet of my home.

RESOLUTION

UHLAND



HE will visit this still scene of nature:
 I 'll try it to-day, bold and calm,
 Why tremble before the dear crea-
 ture ?

Not a soul upon earth would she harm.

They all are so ready to greet her ;
 She comes, and my heart in me dies ;
 To the beautiful star, when I meet her,
 I hardly dare lift up my eyes.

The flowers, they all bow before her,
 The birds, too, they merrily sing,
 They may show how they all adore her ;
 Poor me ! I can do no such thing.

Night after night all my sorrow
 I pour out to heaven above,
 But courage I never could borrow
 To tell her one word of my love.

This way she soon will be walking,
 I 'll place myself under this tree,
 And, as if to myself I were talking,
 Tell aloud all she is to me.

I will, — but how my heart flushes !
She 's coming ! Oh, where shall I fly !
I 'll hide myself under these bushes,
And then I shall see her pass by !



BERTRAND DE BORN

UHLAND

IGH upon the rocks all rugged,
Smokes in ruins Autafort,
And its master, now in fetters,
To the royal tent is brought.

“ Com'st thou, who, with sword and singing,
War hath stirred from place to place,
Who my children hath inveigled
From their loving father's place ?

“ Standest thou there, who so often
Hast thrown out the idle vaunt
That, in all thy perils, never
Thou but half thy wit didst want ?
But the half will not suffice thee,
All thy wit is needed now
To build again thy castle for thee,
And to break thy chains in two.”

“ As thou sayest, my liege and sire,
Standeth here Bertrand de Born,
Who with a song hath set on fire
Perigord and Ventadorn ;
Who hath been unto his master
Ever in his eye a thorn,
For love of whom thy royal children
Braved their father’s wrath and scorn.

“ Festally arrayed, thy daughter
Sat a duke’s bride, high and fair,
And a song that I had taught him
Sang to her my messenger :
Sang how by her poet’s love-songs
Proud she once was to be wooed,
Until her glittering bridal jewels
By her tears were all bedewed.

“ From the olive’s sleepy shadow
Started up thy son most dear,
When my fiery songs of battle
Had been thundered in his ear ;
Quickly was his war-horse harnessed,
And his banner on I bore,
Where the fatal arrow struck him,
And Mountford’s gate he fell before.

“ Bleeding lay he on my bosom,
Not the sharp, the deadly steel,

But the dread curse of his father,
That did he in dying feel.
His right hand he yearned to reach thee,
Sea and vale and mountain o'er,
But as thine he could not grasp then,
Dying, pressed he mine once more.

“ Then, like Autafort above there,
Fell in ruins all my craft,
Not the half, — the whole has left me,
I have neither string nor shaft.
Easily the arm is fettered
When the spirit drags a chain,
Only funeral songs of mourning
Shall I ever breathe again.”

Bowed the king his head, exclaiming,
“ Thou hast led my son astray,
Hast my daughter's heart enchanted,
Mine, too, thou hast touched this day.
Friend of the dead ! This hand I give thee,
Which to thee my son bequeaths,
Off, these fetters ! Take my pardon !
Through my heart thy spirit breaths.”

ROMANCE OF TOM THUMB

UHLAND



ITITTLE Thumbling ! Little Thumbl-
ling !
Everywhere thy fame resoundeth ;
The very baby in the cradle
The story of thy deeds astoundeth.
Oh, what eye can keep from weeping,
When through the forest thou art creeping,
And the hungry wolves are howling,
And the awful thunder 's rolling !
Through all hearts what fear is stealing,
When all in the giant's dwelling,
And thy blood the ogre smelling,
To thy bed his way is feeling !
Thyself, and brothers big and handsome,
Thou from cruel death didst ransom,
The giant's bloody plan deranging, —
Cunningly the seven night-caps
For the seven crowns exchanging !
When the giant lay a-snoring,
Till he set the woods a-roaring,
Those wondrous boots, how thou didst steal
'em,
So softly that he did not feel 'em !
Then, when the king was pressed so sorely,

Thou didst run his errands surely;
And the king his lovely daughter
Gave to thee, though so much shorter !
Little Thumbling ! Little Thumbling !
All the world his fame has learnèd,
With his seven-league boots already
Through many ages has he journeyed.



TO MY MOTHER

UHLAND

 GRAVE, O mother, is for thee all
made,
A welcome spot, as thou hast ever
found it,
There rests upon it a soft native shade,
And flowers are not wanting all around it.

There, incorruptible, shalt thou be hid,
With every trace of peace and pain interr'd;
To live again, too, thou art not forbid;
My heart's that grave, and there shalt thou
be buried.

ECHO

Nachruf

UHLAND

ERE at my feet a leaf falls down,
Caring no more for rain or sun,
But when this leaf was green and
new

I still had parents fond and true.

A leaf, — how soon it fades away;
The child of spring, the autumn's prey ;
Yet has this leaf that flutters down
Survived so much I called my own !



THE COURSE OF THINGS

UHLAND

N every evening forth I roam
And o'er the meadow hie ;
She sees me from her cottage home,
It stands the road hard by.
We no appointment ever make,
It is the course things always take.

I know not how it happens thus,
 We always kiss, we two;
 I ask her not, she says not, "Yes,"
 Nor says she ever, "No!"
 When lip with lip would fain unite,
 There 's no demur, it seems all right.

The zephyr round the rose may breathe,
 It asks not: "Lov'st me, dear?"
 The rose may in the pure dew breathe,
 And no refusal fear.

I 'm fond of her, she 's fond of me,
 Yet neither says: "I 'm fond of thee."



TO COLUMBUS DYING

OEHLENSCHLAEGER

OON with thee will all be over,
 Soon the voyage will be begun
 That shall bear thee to discover
 Far away a land unknown:

Land that each alone must visit,
 But no tidings bring to men,
 For no sailor, once departed,
 Ever hath returned again.

No carved wood, no broken branches
Ever drift from that far wild ;
He who on that ocean launches
Meets no corse of angel child.

All is mystery before thee,
But in peace, and love, and faith,
And by hope attended, sail'st thou
Off upon the Ship of Death.

Undismayed, my noble sailor,
Spread, then, spread thy canvas out ;
Spirit ! on a sea of ether
Soon shalt thou serenely float.

Where the deeps no plummet soundeth,
Fear no hidden breakers there,
For the fanning wings of angels
Shall thy bark right onward bear.

Quit now, full of heart and comfort,
These Azores, — they are of earth ;
Where the rosy clouds are parting,
There the Blessed Isles loom forth.

Behold San Salvador before thee !
Him, thy Saviour, thou shalt hail,
Where no storms of earth shall reach thee,
Where thy hope no more shall fail.



A Song





A SONG



F old John Brown my song shall be,
An upright, downright man was he,
Who when he saw a thing was true
Went right ahead to put it through,
Put it through.

He never paused to count the cost,
How much there might be gained or lost,
Because he said that either way
The plan he had was sure to pay,
Sure to pay.

The wise ones called John Brown a fool,
Because he held the Golden Rule.
What he wished you for him to do
He was at hand to do for you,
Do for you.

What bad men made to pass for law,
With old John Brown weighed not a straw,
And, though enforced with all their might,
Shook not his faith that Right is right,
Right is right.



Hymns





HYMNS

INVOCATION



HAT is the world that it should share
Hearts that belong to God alone ?
What are the idols reigning there,
Compared with Thee, Eternal One ?

Fountain of living waters ! We
To earthly springs would stoop no more.
Athirst, we humbly turn to Thee ;
Into our hearts Thy Spirit pour :

The Spirit of Thy boundless love,
The Spirit of Thy truth and peace ;
Come, blessed Spirit, from above,
And every earth-bound soul release !

JESUS, OUR LEADER



EEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die ?
 Who, O God, my Guide shall be ?
 Who shall lead Thy child to Thee ?

Heavenly Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent Thy blessed Son ;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever learn of Him ;
 From His precepts wisdom draw,
 Make His life my solemn law.

Thus, in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die :

Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ;
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Knowing Thee, my Father, near.

THE WANT WITHIN



FEEL within a want
Forever stirring there ;
What I so thirst for, grant,
O Thou who hearest prayer !

This is the thing I crave,
A likeness to Thy Son ;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

Like Him now in my youth
I long, O God, to be,
In tenderness and truth,
In deep humility.

'T is my most fervent prayer ;
Be it more fervent still,
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will.

COMMUNION



H, for a prophet's fire !
 Oh, for an angel's tongue,
To speak the tender love of Him
 Who on the Cross was hung.

In vain do we attempt,
 In language meet, to tell
How through a thousand sorrows burned
 That flame unquenchable.

Yet would we praise that love,
 Beyond expression dear,
Come, gather round this table, then,
 And commune with it here.

These symbols of his death,
 Oh with what power they speak !
Prophetic lips, angelic lyres,
 Compared with these, how weak !

1845.

Romans viii. 38



ES, that our souls might live,
Those sacred limbs were torn,
That blood was shed and pangs un-
told
Were by the Saviour borne.

O Thou who didst allow
Thy Son to suffer thus,
Father, what more couldst Thou have done
Than Thou hast done for us ?

We are persuaded now
That nothing can divide
Thy children from the boundless love
Revealed in Him who died ;

Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

1845.

THE SOUL



HAT is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest ?

Naught that charms the ear or eye
Can its hunger satisfy ;
Active, restless, it would pierce
Through the outward universe.

What is it ? And whither ? Whence ?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good ?

'T is the soul ! Mysterious name !
Him it seeks from whom it came ;
It would, Mighty God, like Thee,
Holy, holy, holy, be !

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee."



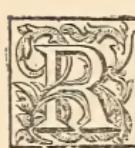
S for the water-brooks
The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for his presence faints.

I know thy joys, O Earth,
The sweetness of thy cup;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.

But ah ! How woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed !
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

What have I then below,
Or what but Thee on high ?
Thee, Thee, O Father, would I know,
And in Thee live and die !

PENITENTIAL



ICHLY, oh, richly have I been
 Blest, gracious God, by Thee ;
 And morning, noon, and night Thou
 hast
 Preserved me tenderly.

Why shouldst Thou thus take care of me,
 A weak and sinful man,
 Who have refused to render Thee
 The little that I can ?

The love that Thou alone canst claim
 To idols I have given ;
 And I have bound to earth the hopes
 That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called Thy son,
 I come with shame to Thee ;
 Father, oh more than Father, Thou
 Hast always been to me.

Forever blessed be Thy name,
 For all that Thou hast done !
 That Thou wilt pardon me, I know
 Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son.

Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
The mighty power of Faith.

Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

1823.



DEDICATION

 O the High and Holy One,
To His Spirit, to His Son,
Be this place forever given,
House of God and Gate of Heaven.

To the Truth that makes us free,
To the Love that leads to Thee,
We this temple dedicate,
And Thy blessing, Lord, await.

Canst Thou be approached by men ?
 Angels and archangels, when
 God His glory on them sheds,
 Veil their faces, bow their heads.

Yet, Eternal One, Thou art
 Present in the humblest heart ;
 There dost Thou delight to reign
 Whom the heavens cannot contain.

Be our hearts the temple, where
 Witnesses that Thou art here
 Come like angels from above,
 Holy Truth, and Faith, and Love.

These shall decorate this place
 With a more than mortal grace ;
 Radiant thus with light divine,
 Be this house forever Thine !

1840.



ORDINATION



HOI only Living, only True,
 Far, far away, and yet how near !
 Life of our life to will and do,
 We thirst to have Thy witness
 here.

Baptize our brother in Thy love,
Unveil Thy heaven to his eye,
Spread Thy wings o'er him like the dove,
And his whole being sanctify !

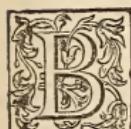
Then in thy glorious liberty,
A well-beloved son of Thine,
The tidings of Thy Truth shall he
Declare with power and love divine.

Sorrows, temptations, he must meet,
The gloomy wilderness pass through ;
Thine angels then uphold his feet,
And keep him pure, and strong, and true.

1868.



Mark x. 16

 LESSINGS on Thee, gracious Lord !
Every child shall bless Thy name
For Thy gentle smile and word
When to Thee the children came.

Happy child ! upon whose head,
As he sate upon Thy knee,
Thy kind hand was softly laid,
Blessing him, how tenderly !

Hark ! That voice is raised in prayer,
 That could hush the maniac wild ;
 Lo ! That mighty hand is there,
 Laid in blessing on a child !

Blessings on Thee, gracious Lord !
 Every child shall bless Thy name
 For Thy gentle smile and word
 When to Thee the children came.

1830.



MORNING



N the morning I will raise
 To my God the voice of praise ;
 With His kind protection blest,
 Sweet and deep has been my rest.

In the morning I will pray
 For His blessing on the day ;
 What this day shall be my lot,
 Light or darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
 Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
 Thou, who givest light divine,
 Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in Thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God, from tears,
Every step Thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend !

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse
Gently as the evening dews.

1840.



EVENING

A decorative floral border in the shape of a rectangle, containing the first stanza of the hymn.

LOWLY by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness. Oh, how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Maker ! Ever nigh !
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars, a wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill !

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me, too ;
May the perfect love of God,
Here, as there, be shed abroad !

Let my soul attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around !

John iv. 16



H, how far are we below Him !
 Him no thought of ours can reach,
 Never, never can we know Him,
 Far beyond all sight, all speech.

Yet the secret of His presence
 Is with those who dwell in love :
 They, embosomed in His essence,
 In Him ever live and move.

Thus in Him to have our being,
 Choosing love for our abode,
 More than knowing Him or seeing
 Is it thus to dwell in God.

1874



Matthew vi. 22, 23



ET thine eye be single,
 And no earth-born visions mingle
 With thy pure ideal.
 Then will its undimmed light
 Make all within thee bright,
 And all around thee real.

But if thine eye be double,
 Black care will rise to trouble
 And veil that light.
 Then blindly wilt thou grope,
 Cheated of faith and hope
 By phantoms of the night.

1878.



SEEING THE UNSEEN

 HOU who dost all things give,
 Be not Thyself forgot !
 No longer may thy children live
 As if their God were not !

But every day and hour,
 Since Thou dost bless us thus,
 In still increasing light and power
 Reveal Thyself to us :

Until our faith shall be
 Stronger than words can tell,
 And we shall live beholding Thee,
 O Thou Invisible !

1860.

FUNERAL HYMN

OW frail are all our mortal ties !
In vain heart fondly clings to
heart :
Borne onward by the rushing tide,
Friends, who are standing side by side,
Are swiftly, rudely, swept apart,
And so our life is full of fears,
And so our eyes are dim with tears.
Ah, blest are those in God who sleep !

As flowers we flourish and we fade,
The wind it blows and they are gone :
Mute farewells we exchange, and then
No more are we beheld of men,
We vanish in the grave, alone.
But God still lives, and in His arms
No mortal fear the soul alarms.
Ah, blest are those in Him who sleep.

1881.

INVOCATION



OLY Father !
 Gracious art Thou !
 Hear us, hear us,
 When before Thy throne we bow,
 Hallow'd be Thy name forever
 Let no thought unholy, rude,
 On this sacred hour intrude.
 May Thy Spirit,
 Like a dove, from heaven descending,
 Dwell within,
 All its grace and beauty lending,
 Free from every stain of sin.

Adapted to the quartette: *Holder Friede*, etc., in Römburg's music for Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

1849.



SUPPLICATION



H, this life is full of danger !
 Ah, how narrow is the pathway !
 Lord, our prayer to Thee ascending
 Seeks Thy grace, our souls defend-
 ing,

All our way to guard and guide
May we ever more abide
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings.
And in all our wanderings,
Father, may Thy love attend us,
Be with us forevermore.
In temptation's hour befriend us,
On our hearts Thy Spirit pour;
For without Thy mercy o'er us
We no strength, O God, can boast;
All our joy must turn to sorrow,
All our hope, our heaven, be lost.

The contralto solo; *Ach! die Gattin ist's*, etc., in the same
piece of music.

1849.



SUPPLICATION

 AVE mercy, O Father!
To Thee do we cry,
Faint, weary, and wayworn,
To Thy wings we fly,
Speak peace to our souls!
Without Thee we die.

We wander in darkness,
Oh, grant us Thy light!

We stray from the pathway,
 Lost, lost in the night ;
 Oh, be Thou our guide,
 And lead us aright !

1849.



THE PEACE OF GOD



E would rise, O God, to Thee,
 Earnest, contrite, lowly,
 Thou, Thou alone, art holy,
 How poor, how weak, are we !
 We come, Thy peace imploring,
 The peace to angels given,
 The peace that fills all heaven, —
 In us, oh, may it be !

Through the universe around,
 Like a plenteous river,
 Forever and forever,
 It flows without a bound.
 Oh, come, Thou blessed Spirit,
 Into our souls descending,
 And every step attending,
 Our way with peace surround !

1849.

ON THE DEATH OF R. T. F., AT THE AGE
OF FOURTEEN

HAT voice like music sounding,
We hear that voice no more,
That form in grace abounding
Time never will restore.

Those eyes so bright with feeling,
Suffused with tenderness,
In every look revealing
A spirit come to bless, —

Their light is quenched, and on us
They never more will beam ;
The star that rose upon us,
How transient was its gleam !

That one so rich in promise,
So lovely and so pure,
Should thus be taken from us
Oh, how shall we endure !

She is not dead, but sleepeth,
Why in your hearts this strife ?
He who hath kept still keepeth
The never-dying life.

And though that form must moulder
And mix again with earth,
In faith you may behold her
In glory going forth.

For what to us seems dying
Is but another birth,
A spirit upward flying
From the broken shell of earth.

We are the dead, the buried,
We who do yet survive,
In the grave of sense interrèd, —
The dead, — they are alive !

A world of shadows leaving,
Up to the Fount of Light,
Death's cloud with strong wing cleaving,
They take triumphant flight.

Why weep ye then, heart-broken,
When one so pure has gone ?
It is from heaven a token,
An angel there is born.

[Sung at the Opening of "The Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind" (1833), an institution owing its origin to members of the First Unitarian Church: JOHN VAUGHAN, and JACOB SNIDER, Jr., and liberally endowed by my friend and parishioner, WILLIAM Y. BIRCH.]



THOU great and gracious Being
To all creatures ever kind,
Source of vision to the seeing,
Friend and Father of the blind !

Joys of sight, — they are denied us, —
Let Thy holy will be done !
In the darkness Thou dost guide us,
Thou, O God, our Light, our Sun !

Through the sounds that fall and linger
On the eager, listening ear,
Through the quick-discriminating finger
Bidding darkness disappear,

Through the friends whom Thou hast given,
And whose hearts Thy love controls,
Thou art pouring down from heaven
Light celestial on our souls.

Now our hearts no sorrows sadden,
They can know no painful fears ;
Though our eyes no sunbeams gladden,
They shall stream no more with tears.¹

¹ The eyes which are never gladdened by light should never stream with tears. — *Sydney Smith.*



VERSES

Translations from the German and Hymns

By

W. H. Furness

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
Houghton, Mifflin and Company
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1886

新之造之制之制之制

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Jan. 2010

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 024 363 837 9